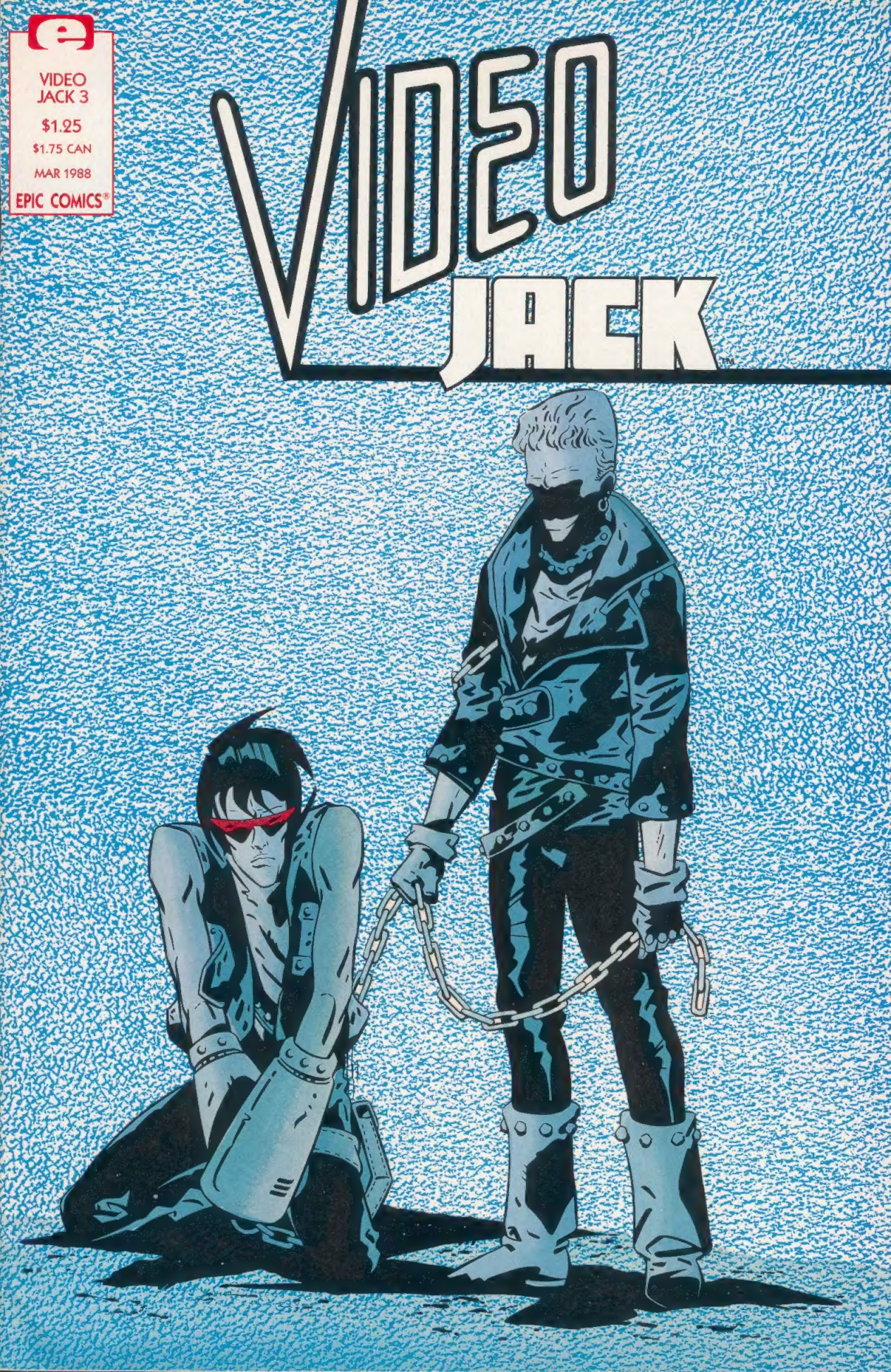
VIDEO
JACK 3
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MAR 1988
EPIC COMICS®
VIDEO
JACK™

SCANNED BY TOKER THE KID

EPIC COMICS

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inker: DAVE HUNT
assistant editor: STEVE BUCCELLATO
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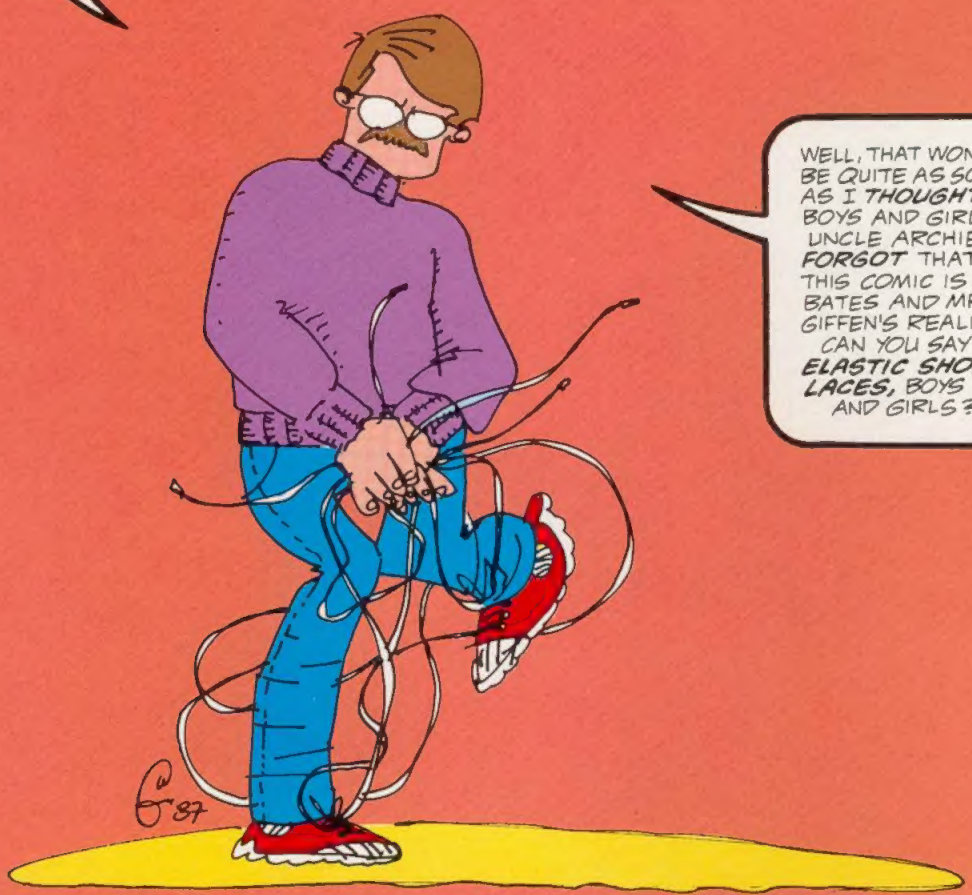
HELLO, BOYS AND GIRLS. WELCOME TO ***UNCLE ARCHIE'S PLACE.*** TODAY MY PLACE LOOKS LIKE AN EPIC COMIC EDITORIAL, DOESN'T IT? CAN YOU SAY ***EDITORIAL,*** BOYS AND GIRLS? WELL, IT LOOKS THAT WAY BECAUSE WE'RE ABOUT TO ***VISIT*** AN EPIC COMIC CALLED ***VIDEO JACK.*** IT'S ALL ABOUT A YOUNG MAN WHO CAN MOVE IN ALTERNATE REALITIES BASED ON TELEVISION SHOWS. CAN YOU SAY ***ALTERNATE REALITY?*** YOU KNOW, ***SOME*** BOYS AND GIRLS HAVE NOTICED WE'RE ***LATE.*** THAT'S BECAUSE ***VIDEO JACK'S*** CREATORS, MR. ***CARY BATES*** AND MR. ***KEITH GIFFEN*** HAD DEADLINE PROBLEMS. CAN YOU SAY ***DEADLINE,*** BOYS AND GIRLS? DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND THEIR CONTROL, CARY AND KEITH CLAIMED, THEY NEEDED ***MORE TIME*** TO FINISH THIS ISSUE FOR OUR VISIT. UNCLE ARCHIE FINALLY TOLD THEM: "YOU'VE HAD ***ENOUGH*** TIME, MR. COMIC CREATORS. AS SOON AS I FINISH BEING A PROPER ***ROLE MODEL*** BY SHOWING THE BOYS AND GIRLS HOW I TIE MY SHOES... ***WE'RE GOING IN.***



WELL, THAT WON'T BE QUITE AS SOON AS I ***THOUGHT,*** BOYS AND GIRLS. UNCLE ARCHIE ***FORGOT*** THAT THIS COMIC IS MR. BATES AND MR. GIFFEN'S REALITY. CAN YOU SAY ***ELASTIC SHOE LACES,*** BOYS AND GIRLS?

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HELLO AGAIN.

WELCOME TO UNCLE ARCHIE'S PLACE.

DO YOU ALL KNOW WHAT **TODAY** IS?

THAT'S RIGHT.

IT'S **V-J** DAY.

SSHHH.

LISTEN--

SOUNDS LIKE OUR **LITTLE FRIENDS** ARE **AT IT** AGAIN.

VIDEO JACK'S ANSWER ROOM

WANNA OPEN THE DOOR AND HAVE A **PEEK?**

SURE YOU DO.

...WHAT'RE WE **DOING** HERE, DAMON?

WHO **IS** THIS **BIG GUY** WITH THE MOUSTACHE AND THE GLASSES?

-heh- -heh-

THE ONLY '**UNCLE ARCHIE**' I EVER HEARD OF IS NAMED **BUNKER**! AND **THIS** SURE AS HELL ISN'T **HIS** PLACE!

SO WHO **IS** THIS GUY?

HOW COME YOU GAVE HIM YOUR UNCLE'S **NOTEBOOK?**

WILL YOU **LIGHTEN UP,** JACKSON?

EVERYTHING'S COPACETIC.

I GOT THE **KEYS** TO THE **KINGDOM.**

AND YOU AN' ME, WE GOT IT **MADE.**

?!? WE GOT IT **MADE?**

DAMON, **LOOK** AT US.

WE'RE **MUPPETS!**

YEAH. AIN'T IT A KICK?

A KICK?

A KICK?

YOU WANT A **KICK,** I'LL GIVE YOU A KI—

-ahem-

NOT **NOW,** BOYS-- NOT WHILE OUR **NEIGHBORS** OUT THERE ARE **WATCHING.**

I'VE JUST FINISHED READING UNCLE XARNETT'S **NOTE-BOOK!**

AND DO I HAVE A STORY TO TELL **YOU!**

YOU MIGHT SAY THIS STORY EVEN HAS **epic** PROPORTIONS.

I CAN'T SAY IT...

...BUT **YOU** MIGHT!

SOMEBODY PLEASE PULL THE PLUG

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A TOWN CALLED HICKORY HAVEN.

BACK IN THOSE DAYS IT WAS A NICE, PEACEFUL LITTLE TOWN.

"DAMON'S **UNCLE ZACH** NEVER **FORGOT** THOSE DAYS."

"**LIFE** WAS A LOT **SIMPLER** BACK THEN."

"BUT OUR STORY ISN'T **ABOUT** THOSE DAYS."

"IT'S ABOUT THE DAY **UNCLE ZACH** FINALLY FIGURED OUT **HOW** HE COULD MAKE HIS FONDEST **WISH** COME **TRUE**..."

"... AND IT ALL **STARTED** BY JUST WISHING UPON A **STAR**."

UNCLE ZACH FOUND A WAY TO PUT EVERY ONE OF HIS FAVORITE HOBBIES TO WORK.

ASTROLOGY.

UNCA ARCHIE'S PLACE

BLACK MAGIC.

AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL--STATE-OF-THE-ART **VIDEO TECHNOLOGY!**

CAN YOU SAY **HIGH CONCEPT?**

"YOU SEE, UNCLE ZACH FIGURED OUT A WAY HE COULD TIE ALL THAT STUFF TOGETHER TO **CAST** ONE BIG **SPELL**."

"AND WITH ANY **LUCK**, WHEN THE SPELL WAS ALL **THROUGH**--"

"--HIS GLORIOUS **DREAM** WOULD FINALLY COME **TRUE**."

"HIS **DREAM** WAS THAT EVERYTHING IN HICKORY HAVEN WOULD GO BACK TO THE WAY IT **WAS**."

"EVERYONE WOULD HAVE A **WONDERFUL LIFE** AGAIN."

BUT...

"...AS THINGS TURNED OUT, SOMETHING **DID** GO **WRONG**."

"SOMETHING THAT UNCLE ZACH DIDN'T COUNT ON."

DAMON, MY **NOSE** FELL OFF.

THAT NIGHT **DAMON** CALLED UP **JACK**.

JACK DISOBEYED HIS MOTHER AND **CAME OVER**.

THEN THE TWO OF THEM SNUCK INTO UNCLE ZACH'S PRIVATE **VIDEO ROOM**.

THE **SAME ROOM** THE OLD MAN HAD USED TO CONJURE UP THE **BIG SPELL**.

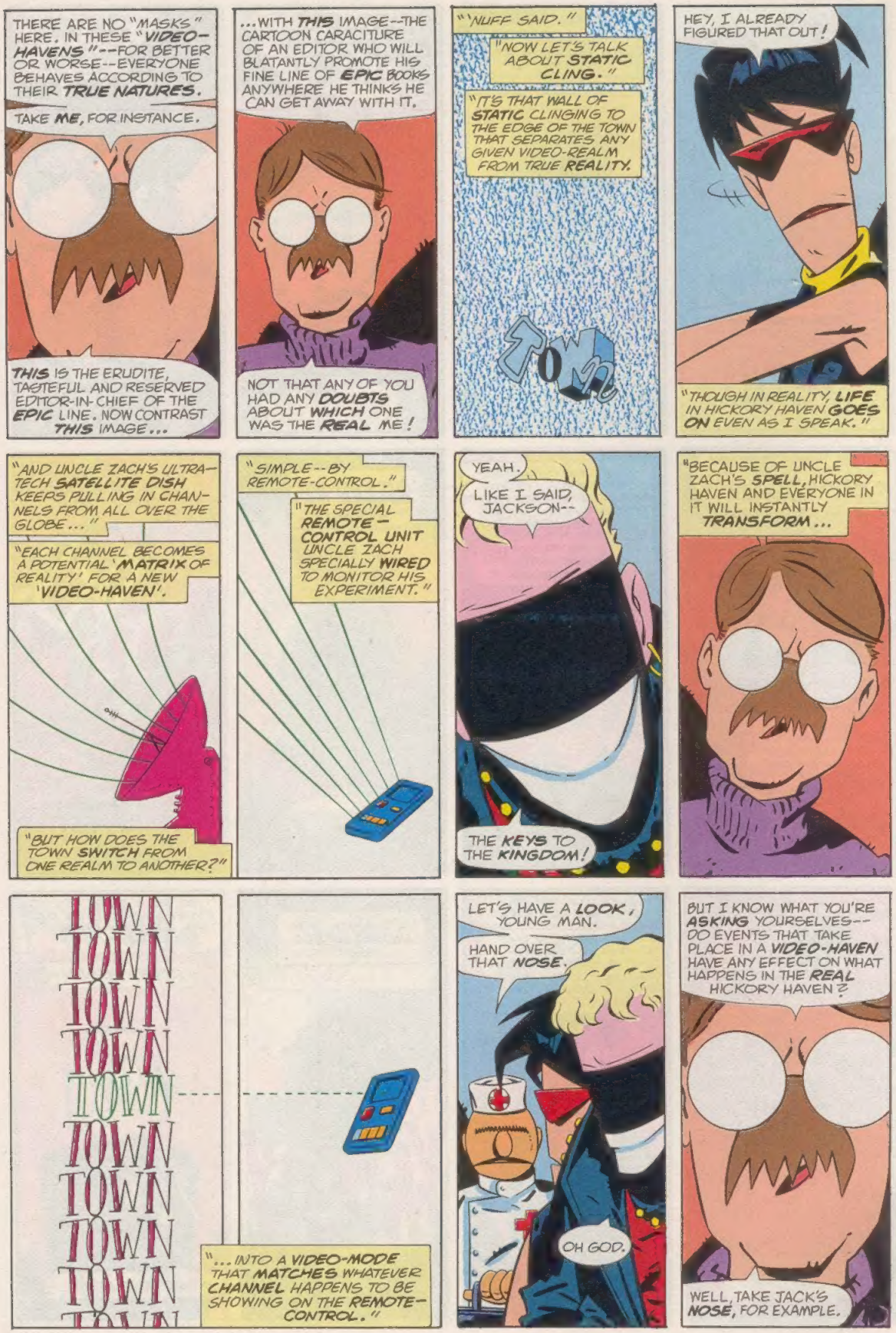
"SO THE **SATELLITE DISH** STARTED PULLING **TV SIGNALS**."

"A PRE-SET **TAPE RECORDER** STARTED PLAYING BACK THE UNCLE'S **BLACK MAGIC** INCANTATIONS..."

"...AND HICKORY HAVEN WAS ON ITS WAY BACK TO BEING THE KIND OF TOWN IT **USED** TO BE."

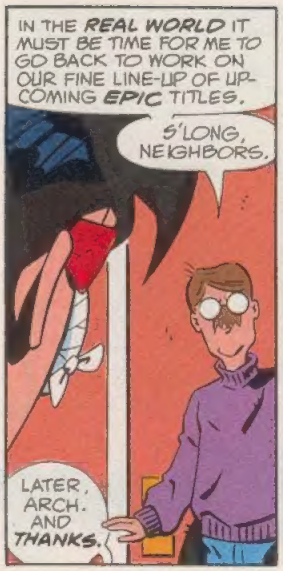
"UNTIL THE BOYS DID THE **UNTHINKABLE**--"

--THEY CHANGED THE CHANNEL.
THE SPELL DIDN'T LOCK IN WHERE IT WAS SUPPOSED--
--THE CHANNEL SHOWING UNCLE ZACH'S FAVORITE FLICK--
--"IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE"--
TOWN
"INSTEAD, THE BIG SPELL SORT OF WENT--
KA-BLOOEY
WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED AND THE SPELL WAS FINISHED, HICKORY HAVEN WASN'T THE SAME TOWN ANYMORE.
THAT MUCH WAS FOR SURE.
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL--
TOWN
YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID, DAMON Z.
MY NOSE FELL OFF.
SO WE'LL ASK ARCHIE TO STAPLE IT BACK ON. NO BIG DEAL.
?!? STAPLE ?
YOU THINK I'M GONNA LET THIS GUY PUT A STAPLE THROUGH MY NOSE!?!?
-Ahem-
NOW WHERE WAS I? OH, YEAH.
--BUT THAT'S NOT ALL! AFTER THE SPELL WAS OVER, THE PEOPLE IN THE TOWN WEREN'T THE SAME ANY-MORE EITHER!
"TAKE OUR MAILMAN-- MR. McMULLINS."
"EXCEPT FOR THE WAY HIS EYEBROWS GREW TOGETHER, THERE WAS NEVER ANYTHING VERY UNUSUAL ABOUT MR. MULLINS."
"BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE SPELL!"
BLOOPER
-PLEASE STAND BY-
WE ARE EXPERIENCING TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES-
"OOPS. SORRY ABOUT THAT."
"TAKE OUR PAPER-BOY--LITTLE BILLY."
"EXCEPT FOR THE WAY HE USED TO SWEAT LIKE A FIEND, THERE WAS NEVER ANYTHING VERY UNUSUAL ABOUT LITTLE BILLY."
"BUT SINCE THE VIDEO SPELL WENT--
KA-BLOOEY
"--WE'VE ALL GOTTEN TO KNOW WHAT LITTLE BILLY WAS REALLY LIKE UNDER NEATH--
--DEEP-DOWN--
-- WAY DEEP-DOWN--

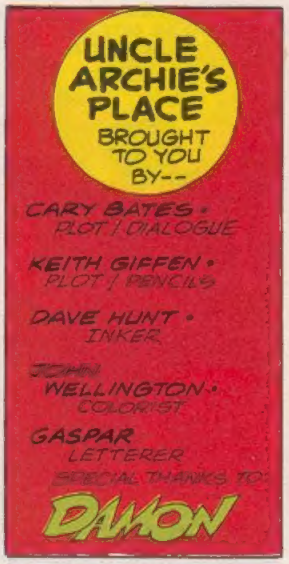

THERE ARE NO "MASKS" HERE. IN THESE "VIDEO-HAVENS"--FOR BETTER OR WORSE--EVERYONE BEHAVES ACCORDING TO THEIR TRUE NATURES.
TAKE ME, FOR INSTANCE.
THIS IS THE ERUDITE, TASTEFUL AND RESERVED EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE EPIC LINE. NOW CONTRAST THIS IMAGE...
...WITH THIS IMAGE--THE CARTOON CARACITURE OF AN EDITOR WHO WILL BLATANTLY PROMOTE HIS FINE LINE OF EPIC BOOKS ANYWHERE HE THINKS HE CAN GET AWAY WITH IT.
NOT THAT ANY OF YOU HAD ANY DOUBTS ABOUT WHICH ONE WAS THE REAL ME!
"'NUFF SAID."
"NOW LET'S TALK ABOUT STATIC CLING."
"IT'S THAT WALL OF STATIC CLINGING TO THE EDGE OF THE TOWN THAT SEPARATES ANY GIVEN VIDEO-REALM FROM TRUE REALITY.
TOWN
HEY, I ALREADY FIGURED THAT OUT!
"THOUGH IN REALITY, LIFE IN HICKORY HAVEN GOES ON EVEN AS I SPEAK."
"AND UNCLE ZACH'S ULTRA-TECH SATELLITE DISH KEEPS PULLING IN CHANNELS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE..."
"EACH CHANNEL BECOMES A POTENTIAL 'MATRIX OF REALITY' FOR A NEW 'VIDEO-HAVEN'.
"BUT HOW DOES THE TOWN SWITCH FROM ONE REALM TO ANOTHER?"
"SIMPLE--BY REMOTE-CONTROL."
"THE SPECIAL REMOTE-CONTROL UNIT UNCLE ZACH SPECIALLY WIRED TO MONITOR HIS EXPERIMENT."
YEAH.
LIKE I SAID, JACKSON--
THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM!
"BECAUSE OF UNCLE ZACH'S SPELL, HICKORY HAVEN AND EVERYONE IN IT WILL INSTANTLY TRANSFORM...
TOWN
"...INTO A VIDEO-MODE THAT MATCHES WHATEVER CHANNEL HAPPENS TO BE SHOWING ON THE REMOTE-CONTROL."
LET'S HAVE A LOOK, YOUNG MAN.
HAND OVER THAT NOSE.
OH GOD.
BUT I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ASKING YOURSELVES--DO EVENTS THAT TAKE PLACE IN A VIDEO-HAVEN HAVE ANY EFFECT ON WHAT HAPPENS IN THE REAL HICKORY HAVEN?
WELL, TAKE JACK'S NOSE, FOR EXAMPLE.

IN THE REAL WORLD, WE KNOW NOSES JUST DON'T 'FALL OFF'.
TOWN
TOWN
BUT ACCORDING TO THE CALCULATIONS I SAW IN UNCLE ZACH'S NOTEBOOK...

...JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS IN ONE REALM ENDS UP CAUSING SOME FORM OF 'PARALLEL EVENT' IN THE REALITY REALM.
OH GREAT.
WHICH REMINDS ME--IT'S TIME FOR UNCLE ARCHIE TO SAY GOODBYE.


IN THE REAL WORLD IT MUST BE TIME FOR ME TO GO BACK TO WORK ON OUR FINE LINE-UP OF UPCOMING EPIC TITLES.
S'LONG, NEIGHBORS.
LATER, ARCH. AND THANKS.

'LATER, ARCH?'
THIS IS TOO MUCH, DAMON.
WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS?


UNCLE ARCHIE'S PLACE
BROUGHT TO YOU BY--
CARY BATES • PLOT / DIALOGUE
KEITH GIFFEN • PLOT / PENCILS
DAVE HUNT • INKER
JOHN WELLINGTON • COLORIST
GASPAR LETTERER
SPECIAL THANKS TO:
DAMON

THIS PROGRAM MADE POSSIBLE BY A GRANT FROM:
New World Pictures

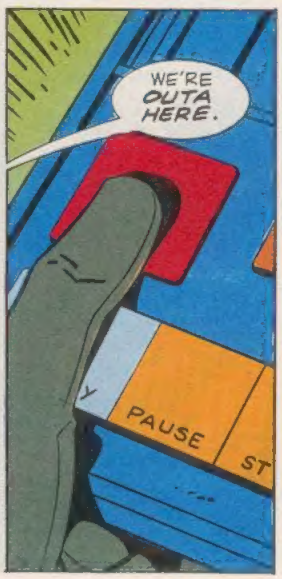
...OKAY, OKAY, DAMON.
YOU WIN!
I'LL ADMIT IT--

--IT WAS EDUCATIONAL!

HAPPY?

NOW...
...BEFORE KOJAK REALIZES THESE MUPPET BODIES ARE ABOUT THE SAME SIZE AS HIS DOG YUMMIES...
...WILL YOU PLEASE SWITCH US BACK INTO SOMETHING--

MORE COMFORTABLE?
NO PROB, JACKSON.


WE'RE OUTA HERE.
PAUSE

JUST LIKE THAT?
PAUSE
NO, MY MAN--
KLISSSSSSSSICK
--JUST LIKE THAT!
SEE?
SAFE AND SOUND BACK IN ROCK-VIDEO PARTYLAND!
NOT AGAIN, DAMON!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA ZAP US BACK HOME!
YOU REMEMBER HOME?
THAT'S THE NORMAL HICKORY HAVEN--
THE ONE WHERE SKY IS STILL BLUE AND PEOPLE'S EYES DON'T FLOAT SIX INCHES OVER THEIR HEADS.
YOU GOTTA LEARN TO LAY BACKKKK, JACK!
MELLOW OUTTTT!
LIGHTEN UPPPPP!
OKAY, OKAY, DAMON. DON'T HAVE A COW.
IT'S LIKE UNCLE ARCHIE SAID, RIGHT?
LONG AS WE GOT THE REMOTE-CONTROL WE CAN GO BACK HOME ANYTIME WE WANT.
SO I GUESS THERE'S NO HARM IN US STICKING AROUND HERE IN THIS ROCK-VIDEO REALM...
...JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE.
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT, JACKSON.
REAL GLAD YOU WISED UP!
REAL GLAD.
YEAH, SURE.
ME TOO.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
I KNOW MY MASTER SENSES THE SAME THING I DO--DAMON IS ONE SICK PUPPY!
WHY CAN'T HUMANS JUST GO WITH THEIR INSTINCTS LIKE WE DO?
CR-IPES, CAN'T HE SEE DAMON DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A FACE ANYMORE.
I CAN'T BELIEVE JACK ISN'T SMARTER THAN THAT.
I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S GOING OFF WITH THAT CREEP.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M FOLLOWING THEM.

CHECK IT OUT, MY MAN.
IS THIS WORLD A GAS--
A KICK--
WHAT?
A TRIP--
WHAT?
--OR--
WHAT!
DAMON, I CAN BARELY HEAR YOU OVER ALL THE MUSIC PLAYING IN THE AIR!
DOES IT HAVE TO BE SO LOUD?
SORRY.
STUPID QUESTION.
BRACE YOURSELF, JACKSON.
TONIGHT YOU GET TO BECOME ONE OF THE PRIVILEGED FEW!
YOU GET TO SEE THE PALACE!
NO--!
DON'T GO THERE, YOU BONEHEAD!
THE LAST PLACE YOU WANT TO BE IN THIS WORLD IS HIS PLACE!
-sigh-
NEVER..NEVER... NEVER... LET YOURSELF BE LURED TO YOUR ENEMY'S HOME-TURF!
ALL THOSE THOUSANDS OF HOURS OF WATCHING GOOD GUYS AND BAD GUYS ON THE TUBE AND JACK STILL DOESN'T KNOW THAT?
SHESSHH!

WHAT'D I TELL YOU?
ARE THESE AWESOME DIGS...
...OR ARE THESE AWESOME DIGS?
I GOTTA ADMIT, DAMON... IT'S YOU.
IT'S YOU ALL OVER!
BUT... uh... YOU EVER THINK ABOUT RUST-PROOFING?
JUST A SUGGESTION.
I HAPPEN TO LIKE THE RUST.

I LIKE TO WATCH THE CORROSION.
WATCH THE WAY IT EATS ITS WAY INTO THE WALLS... LIKE A MILLION MICRO-SCOPIC MAGGOTS... BREAKING DOWN THE METAL...MOLECULE BY MOLECULE BY MOLECULE.
OOOKAY.
WE JUST GONNA STAND HERE ALL DAY OR WHAT?
YOU'RE NOT GONNA WUS-OUT ON ME NOW, ARE YOU?
ME?
A WUS?!?
AFTER YOU, JACKSON.
THIS IS ONE INVITATION YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DIDN'T TURN DOWN.
MAN OH MAN.
JACK SWIFT ALWAYS OPERATES ALONE... THAT MUCH I KNEW!
BUT WHAT THE BLOODY HELL IS HE DOING PALING AROUND WITH THE SCUMIEST OF THE SCUM?
SOMEBODY'S GONNA HAVE TO REPORT THIS TO DOREEN.
SURE HOPE IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE ME.
YOU'D THINK THEY WERE THE HARDY BOYS!
WAIT A MINUTE, DAMON...
WASN'T THIS A DANCE-FLOOR ONCE?
AND UP THERE-- ISN'T THAT THE LASER-LIGHT-SHOW RIG FROM THE HICKORY-DOCK-DISCO?
YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS PLACE!
THERE YOU GO, THINKING ABOUT REALITY MODE AGAIN!
OKAY, MAYBE IT STILL IS A DISCO, JACKSON... BUT THAT'S BACK IN THE OLD HICKORY HAVEN YOU USED TO KNOW.
YOU'RE IN MY HAVEN NOW.
THIS IS MY PAD, JACK.
MY SPACE.
MY KINGDOM.
AROUND HERE NOBODY CALLS THE SHOTS BUT ME.
S-SURE, DAMON.
REPORT, M.T.V. #23.
HIS AWESOMENESS HAS JUST RETURNED.
HE HAS B-B-BROUGHT AN OUTSIDER HOME WITH HIM.
I CAN READ MUSIC, GOGGLE-EYES!

HEY BABE.
OH GOD.
HEY YOURSELF, YOUR AWEGOMENESS.
WHO'S THE NEW MEAT?
THIS IS JACK. JACK SWIFT.
MY BUCKO, MY GUMBA, MY BUDDY.
A LITTLE SLOW ON THE UPTAKE SOMETIMES, BUT HE'S BAGICALLY COOL.
JACK, SAY HELLO TO WILLAMEHNA.
Uh...HI.
HI.
SUCH NICE BOYS...
WHOA!
DAMON, WHAT GIVES HERE?
FUNNY-EYED GOONS JUST LIKE HIM ARE THE ONES I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT.
THE ONES WHO WERE CHASING ME ON THE OUTSIDE.
RELAX, MY MAN.
THE GOON SQUAD IS MINE.
SURE, I ORDERED THEM TO STAY ON YOUR ASS--TO BRING YOU BACK HERE FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY.
THE WORLD OF ROCK IS A HAIRY PLACE IF YOU'RE JUST LEARNIN' TO GET YOUR RHYTHM DOWN.
I WAS JUST WATCHIN' OUT FOR YOU, JACKSON.
OH.
THANKS.
I GUESS.
I'M GONNA GIVE MY BRO HERE THE GRAND TOUR, BABE.
KEEP IT WARM FOR ME.
JUST LOVE WHEN YOU TALK SEXIST, DAM.
M.T.V. #23?
STANDING B-BY, MS. W.
JACK SWIFT--
--HE IS TO HAVE TOTAL VIDEO-ACCESS AS LONG AS HE'S IN THE COMPOUND.
B-B-BUT MS. W--
TOTAL ACCESS?
YOU HEARD ME, #23.

NIGHT...
AND HE STILL HASN'T COME OUT.
AND I CAN'T GO IN, NOT WITH THOSE GOON-GUARDS EVERYWHERE.
OR CAN I!
HOW COME I DIDN'T NOTICE THAT BEFORE, I WONDER?
AN OPEN SEWER SHAFT... JUST AROUND THE CORNER!
I GUESS IT REALLY IS JUST LIKE JACK SAID--
--NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN, WHEN SOMEONE ON TV NEEDS TO SNEAK INTO A VILLAIN'S STRONGHOLD...
...THE WRITERS END UP RESORTING TO THE OLD RELIABLE "SHAFT SYNDROME" TO PROVIDE THE HERO WITH A WAY IN!
ULP!
DON'T GET CARRIED AWAY HERE, KOJAK.
YOU NEARLY JUST CALLED YOURSELF A 'HERO'!
OOF!
THUKK!
CLANG
SPLAASHH!
-GLUB-
-GLUB-
NOW I KNOW--
--WHAT A DAY ON THE JOB--
--MUST'VE BEEN LIKE FOR ED NORTON!
-phew-
AIR AT LAST!
NOT GREAT-SMELLING, BUT I'LL TAKE IT!
?!?
WHAT'S ALL THIS THEN?
DON'T TELL ME THE SHAFT SYNDROME IS ABOUT TO TURN INTO THE EMPTY STORE-ROOM BIT.
SURE ENOUGH.
I RECOGNIZE SOME OF THE STUFF IN THERE!
Hmmmm...
IT'S GIVING ME AN IDEA.
A CRAZY IDEA...

THE LUCKY CREEP.
HE'S GOT A 3-D TV IN HERE!
THAT'S AT LEAST TEN YEARS AWAY BACK WHERE I COME FROM.
AND THIS SET-UP PULLS IN MORE CHANNELS THAN ANY CABLE HOOK-UP I EVER SAW.
IT WOULDN'T BE HARD FOR A GUY LIKE ME TO GET USED TO LIVING IN DAMON XARNETT'S PAD.
NOT HARD AT ALL.
THIS VOICE-ACTIVATED REMOTE-CONTROL IS REAL COOL TOO--
WAIT A SEC.
88-the TRANCE CHANNEL-
89-the ENGLISH CHANNEL-
90-the SEX DYSFUNCTION CHANNEL--
91-the LIFE-IN-PRISON SAMPLER-
92-the DRUG-TRAFFICKING NETWORK-
93-the XARNETT SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM--
94-the HOME-WRECKING STATION
XARNETT SURVEILLANCE PLEASE
HOW ABOUT THAT.
DAMON'S GOT HIS OWN SECURITY SYSTEM WIRED INTO THIS SET-UP.
HE CAN SEE EVERYTHING GOING ON OUTSIDE HIS DIGS.
WHOOPS.
HOW DID THAT HAPPEN? DID I HOOK INTO ONE OF THOSE ADULT CHANNELS OR--
OH GEEZ.
THAT'S DAMON AND WHAT'S-HER-FACE GOING AT IT.
I GUESS MY PAL LIKES TO SEE EVERYTHING THAT'S GOING ON INSIDE HIS PALACE TOO.
ENOUGH OF THAT!
NEXT CHANNEL!
WAIT A MINUTE--!
I RECOGNIZE THOSE TWO "PUNK-ROCKERS"-- WALLY MALONE AND TOD ELLIS!
I MUST BE ON THE SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM AGAIN!
THEY MUST'VE TAKEN OUT A COUPLE OF M.T.V. GUARDS ON DUTY OUTSIDE THAT DOOR.
WHAT DO THEY WANT, I WONDER--
uh oh
ONE OF THEM'S GOT A BOMB.
DAMN!
TERRORISTS!
WALLY AND TOD MUST BE TWO OF DOREEN'S RESISTANCE FIGHTERS!
?!?
THEY'RE ABOUT TO WALK UNDER THE DISCO'S LASER LIGHT-SHOW RIGGING.
oh NO.
DID I SAY LASER LIGHT-SHOW?

NO!
ZZTTT!
THWNP!
OOOSHH!!
SSSSH!

DAMON...
WE WENT TO SCHOOL WITH THOSE GUYS...
HOW COULD YOU DO IT?
WHAT SORT OF MONSTER HAVE YOU TURNED INTO?

uh-uh.
WRONG REACTION, JACKSON.
DAMN YOU, DAMON.
I'M GENUINELY DISAPPOINTED.
I WAS REALLY ROOTING FOR YOU, BUCKO...

...HOPING AGAINST THE ODDS YOU HAD MANAGED TO LEAVE YOUR PAIN-IN-THE-ASS DECENT STREAK BEHIND IN HICKORY HAVEN.
BUT I CAN SEE NOW YOU BROUGHT IT WITH YOU.

BAD FOR US.
WORSE FOR YOU!

THESE GOONS ARE BEYOND BELIEF!
HERE I AM, A DOG PARADING AROUND IN ONE OF THEIR SPARE UNIFORMS AND NO ONE'S BLOWN THE WHISTLE ON ME YET.
THEN AGAIN...
...HOKEY DISGUISES ROUTINES LIKE THIS ALWAYS DID SEEM TO FOOL THE BAD GUYS ON MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE!
OR MAYBE I'M JUST BETTER AT THIS THAN I--
uh oh.
I KNOW THAT VOICE...
--IT'S USELESS TO STRUGGLE, JACKSON.
UNTIL WE CAN 'REHABILITATE' YOU--
--WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?
I'VE GOT TO KEEP YOU UNDER LOCK AND KEY!
COME OFF IT, DAMON.
YOU DON'T NEED TO TIE ME UP WITH HEAVY METAL.
THIS IS ONLY JACK, REMEMBER?
I'M NO THREAT.
YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE REMOTE-CONTROL.
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD GET US OUT OF HERE.
ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS PUSH A BUTTON--
--AND AWAY WE GO, ZAPPED TO WHO-KNOWS-WHERE?
THAT'S RIGHT, JACKSON. AND DON'T YOU FORGET--
uh oh.
NO!
KLI
SSSs

-ICK
DID YOU DO THAT?
HELL NO. THAT DAMN DOG OF YOURS TONGUED THE OFF BUTTON!
KOJAK?
HERE, KOJAK! HERE BOY. WHERE'D YOU GO?
WHO CARES!
WHERE DID WE GO, JACK?
THIS McKNABE'S BAR, ISN'T IT?
HOW DID WE END UP IN THIS DIVE?
JUST WHAT I WANNA KNOW, KID.
WE AIN'T OPEN THIS EARLY.
AND YOU BOYS IS WAY UNDER-AGE.
I LOSE MY LIQUOR LICENSE ON ACCOUNT O' THIS--
--I PROMISE YOU PUNKS WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO EVER GET TO BE OVER-AGE.
NOW GET OUT!
YOU HAVE A NICE DAY TOO, MR. McKNABE.
-pant-
WE RUNNING THE MARATHON OR WHAT?
DAMON, SLOW UP!
DAMON!
-pant-
YOU'RE IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE, SWIFT.
FOR A GUY WHO WATCHES TV ALL DAY.

YEAH, YEAH.
YOU WANNA TELL ME NOW, DAMON--
-pant-
--TELL ME WHY YOU FREAKED OUT?
WHY?
HEY, PAL, YOU WERE THERE, TOO!
SURE, I'M NOT EXACTLY AN EAGLE SCOUT.
AND YEAH, I DO HAVE A POLICE RECORD!
OKAY, SO MAYBE I'M WHAT MOST PEOPLE CALL A CREEP.
BUT GEEZ, JACK--
--BACK IN THAT VIDEO-WORLD I WAS A LOT WORSE THAN A CREEP.
I WAS A REGULAR DARTH VADER, JASON--
CUJO--
HE-L JACK.
YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO WALLY AND TOD IN THE DISCO.
I'M THE ONE WHO HAD THEM SLICED AND DICED WITH LASERS!
NO!
THE VIDEO-WORLD HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH REALITY, DAMON.
IT'S SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN--DON'T ASK ME WHAT!
THE ANSWER IS LOCKED UP SOMEWHERE INSIDE THAT REMOTE-CONTROL UNIT.
EEAHHH!!
I DON'T WANNA KNOW.
ARE YOU CRAZY?
IF WE LOSE THE REMOTE, WE'RE SCREWED.
WE'LL NEVER FIND OUT THE TRUTH.
THE TRUTH, MAN--
WHO CARES?
NOT ME.
I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT.
I JUST WANNA FORGET THE WHOLE THING HAPPENED.
LET'S GO HOME, JACK.
FLASHING LIGHTS--
SOMETHING HEAVY IS GOING DOWN OUTSIDE THE PARK.

KILLER AT LARGE
GEE, I HOPE NO ONE WAS HURT!
YOU SERIOUS, LADY?
TAKE A CLOSER LOOK, WHY DON'T YOU?
OH MY GOD.
I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK...
WHAT A PISS-POOR WAY TO GO! COPS STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW THE HELL THEY DID IT!
COPS SAID THEY'VE NEVER SEEN A CAR CUT UP SO BAD.
THEY FIGURE POOR WALLY MUST'VE HIT THE LIGHT-POLE DOING NINETY!
DON'T ANY OF THEM HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO?
WHAT IS IT ABOUT FATAL ACCIDENTS
ALWAYS BRINGS OUT THE MORBID STREAK IN PEOPE...
WHO CAN FIGURE, LIEUTENANT.
WE JUST FOUND THE OTHER DRIVER'S LICENSE.
THIS ONE'S NAME WAS ELLIS!
TOD ELLIS.
JACK.
THE VICTIMS...
THE VICTIMS... WERE... WALLY AND TOD.
WALLY AND TODD!

I KNOW, DAMON.
I KNOW...
BAM!
NOTHING TO DO WITH *REALITY*, THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID!
NOTHING THAT HAPPENED IN THE VIDEO-- WORLD WAS SUPPOSED TO MEAN *DIDDLY-SQUAT* HERE!
YOU SAW TOD AND WALLY.
WHAT WAS *LEFT* TO SEE, ANYWAY.
OKAY, SO IT WASN'T *LASERS* THAT CHOPPED THOSE DUDES UP--
--BUT THEY WERE *CHOPPED UP* ALL THE SAME!
GO ON, JACK--
NOW TELL ME *THAT* DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING.
TELL ME IT'S JUST A *CO-INCIDENCE*.
I--I CAN'T!
DAMN *RIGHT* YOU CAN'T.
?!?
WHAT'S GOIN' DOWN OVER THERE?
IN YOU GO, YOU PIECE OF SLIME.
THE HOOLIGAN PUNCHED ME WITH-OUT PROVOCATION, OFFICER!
I'M PRESSING CHARGES.
IF THIS GUY IS THE PERP WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, YOU OUGHTA CONSIDER YOURSELF DARN *LUCKY*, MR. ABBOT.
ALL HIS OTHER VICTIMS ARE DOWN AT THE *MORGUE*.
WAY TO GO! *BOOK* THE SONAVABITCH, DANO.
JACKSON, GET A LOAD OF *THAT*!
THEY *CAUGHT* THE SERIAL KILLER!
NICE. 30°
SO WHAT'S WITH THE SQUINT? YOU EXPECT THE CREEP TO *SHAKE* IN HIS CUFFS JUST CAUSE...
...YOU'RE DOIN' YOUR BEST *CLINT EASTWOOD* IMPRESSION?
SUCH *NICE* BOYS...

ALL RIGHT, I'LL ADMIT IT.

I WAS *WRONG!*

SOMEHOW THINGS THAT HAPPEN IN THE VIDEO-WORLD *ARE* CONNECTED TO WHATEVER HAPPENS IN HICKORY HAVEN!

BOTH SETS OF TODS AND WALLYS *ARE* DEAD!

BUT I'M *STILL* NOT *SURE* IT WAS *YOU* WHO KILLED THEM!

WHAT STATION HAVE YOU BEEN TUNED INTO, JACKSON?

YOU WERE *THERE* WHEN I HAD THEM LASER-FRIED IN THE ROCK-VIDEO WORLD!

THIS REMINDS ME OF AN OLD *TWILIGHT ZONE*-- THIRD SEASON, I THINK-- HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH A *PARALLEL EARTH!*

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THE *CHICKEN* AND THE *EGG*, DAMON.

EVER HEAR THE OLD ARGUMENT ABOUT *WHICH* CAME *FIRST?*

GET TO THE *POINT*, MAN.

HOW DO WE KNOW *WHICH* CAME *FIRST*--

--THE *WRECK* OR THE *LASERS?*

MAYBE THE CAR-CRASH THAT TOOK OUT WALLY AND TOD IN *THIS* WORLD SOMEHOW *COMPELLED* THEM TO GET THEMSELVES KILLED IN THE VIDEO-WORLD!

MAYBE THERE ARE *COSMIC FORCES* AT WORK HERE THAT WE WERE NEVER MEANT TO UNDERSTAND.

YEAH...

...OR MAYBE *JACK SWIFT* IS TOTALLY *OFF* HIS *NUT!*

GET *REAL*, MAN.

REAL?

YOU DON'T THINK THIS FREAKY *REMOTE-CONTROL* IN MY HAND IS *REAL?*

HEY, *CAREFUL* WITH THE *BUTTONS*, MAN--

OH *NO!*

KLIK

SSSS

KICK

OH GREAT!

JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE--A LOONEY-TUNE!

Uip! SORRY ABOUT THAT!

THERE YOU ARE, BOY!

LOOKS LIKE I ZAPPED US INTO A SATURDAY MORNING WORLD.

DON'T CALL ME BOY!

CALL ME A CAB!

IF IT'S SATURDAY MORNING, THIS MUST BE A CARTOON!

I HATE CARTOONS!

FOR ONCE I'M WITH THE MUTT, JACKSON!

LET'S PULL THE PLUG ON THIS KIDDIE KINGDOM BEFORE WE GET SMURFED OR TRANSFORMERED... OR WORSE!

NOW GIMME THE REMOTE!

NO.

THAT'S TELLIN' HIM, PARD!

GIMME THE REMOTE--

--BEFORE I TEAR YOUR GUTS OUT!

YES, SIR!

WHEREVER HE GOES, THIS GUY IS ALL CLASS!

I-I THINK I'LL HOLD ONTO IT, DAMON.

AT LEAST TILL WE FIGURE OUT HOW IT WORKS, YOU KNOW?

YOU DON'T TRUST ME.

THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT!

AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, YOU DON'T TRUST ME.

LET'S TAKE A HIKE, DAMON--

KICK

SSSS

-ICK
GOL-LY!
NOW LOOK WHERE WE'VE ENDED UP, BOY!
I TOLD YOU, DON'T CALL ME BO--
OH WHAT'S THE USE?
WAIT TILL MA FINDS OUT I CUT SCHOOL TO GO FISHIN'!
ZIZ
WHOA! WHAT'S WITH ME?
I NEVER TALKED LIKE THAT BEFORE!
YOU NEVER LOOKED LIKE THAT BEFORE EITHER, CHUM.
EYAHHH! YOU'RE RIGHT! LOOK AT ME!
L-LOOK AT HIM--!
JEEPERS, CREEPERS, JACKSON.
IT'S NOT THE OLD LADY YOU'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT NOW--
--IT'S ME!
IF YOU DON'T HAND OVER THE REMOTE.
SORRY. I'M KEEPING IT!
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, SWIFT...
...YOU WILL BE SORRY!
SOOOO SORRY!
uh oh...

YOU'RE MEAT, JACKSON.
FIRST--
FIRST YOU'RE GONNA BE RAW MEAT!
DAMON.
W-WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING WITH THAT FISHING POLE?
MY HERO.
AS USUAL, HE DROPPED THE GOODS!
THEN--
--THEN YOU'RE GONNA BE DEAD MEAT!
SWASSH
EYAHHH!
NOW LET'S PLAY.
YOU WANNA PLAY THAT WAY--

THWAK!
RWPPP!
KLUNK!
RTWUU!
SWSSH!
VOMM!
WHOOSH!
ZOWW
EYYUHH!
OOOOFF!

KA-POW!!
PTWUU!
WHUPP!
YOU... HAD... ENOUGH, MAN?
NEV-ER!
KHAMM
KRUNCH
LOOK AT THOSE TWO RASCALS, ANDY. DON'T THEY BEAT ALL?
LOOKS TO ME LIKE THEM BOYS'RE JUST BEATIN' EACH OTHER, BARN.
BOYS AT THAT AGE, THEY GOT ENERGY TO BURN.
THEY NEED TO LET IT ALL HANG OUT SOMEWHERE!
?!?
'LET IT ALL HANG OUT'?

SINCE WHEN DO YOU TALK LIKE THAT, BARNEY?
SINCE I STARTED GETTIN' DOWN WITH THE YOUNG PEOPLE OVER AT SADIE'S MALT SHOP!
IF A POLICE OFFICER DOESN'T LEARN HOW TO BE 'HIP'--
--HOW ELSE IS HE GONNA KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH TODAY'S HIPPIES?
YUK-YUK-YUK
IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS, BARN--
--I'M POWERFUL GLAD I GOT YOU FOR MY DEPUTY.
WHATDYA SAY WE GO STICK IT TO THOSE WUSSUS.
?!? WHATDYA SAY WE WHAAAT??
DISCIPLINE THE BOYS, BARNEY, DISCIPLINE!
YOU DID SAY YOU WERE HIP!
WE OUGHTA BE BLACK AND BLUE, DAMON--
--NOT BLACK AND WHITE!
AND CHECK OUT THE CARS-- STRICTLY MID-SIXTIES!
THIS WORLD WE'RE IN--
IF I'M RIGHT--
THX-1
FLOYD'S
--IT'S A VINTAGE CABLE CLASSIC!
WHAT YOU'RE IN, SONNY-BOY, IS THE BACK OF MY POLICE CAR!
NOW NO MORE FUNNY BUSINESS.
SADIE'S
YOU OUGHTA SEE WHAT ME AND MY DEPUTY DO TO COMEDIANS.
DON'T WE AT LEAST GET TO MAKE A PHONE CALL?
GUESS NOT.

THEY'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING.
THIS ISN'T EVEN FUNNY.
CK2
RICO
WITHOUT A LAUGH-TRACK--
THESE FOLKS DON'T KNOW HOW TO BE FUNNY.
YOU MAY HAVE A POINT.
SO...
ISN'T THIS ABOUT WHERE ONE OF US IS SUPPOSED TO SAY "I GOT A PLAN?"
OR WOULD YOU RATHER JUST CALL YOUR MAMA?
YOU'RE CRUSIN', XARNETT.
CRUISIN' FOR A BRUISIN'!
WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHUT UP?
WE DON'T WANT TO WAKE UP THE TOWN DRUNK!
hiccup-
I JUST HAVE TO THINK--
I HAVE TO THINK OF A WAY OUT OF THIS.
YOU DO THAT JACK.
ME...
...I'VE GOT MY OWN IDEAS.
DON'T FIGHT, BOYS--
--BLEED!
BLASPHEMERS HAVE A NEED TO BLEED!

A PITY, TOO.
SUCH NICE BOYS...

epic-grams

BEHIND THE SCENES

This one is coming to you from California, where I'm attending the **San Diego Comicon**, final of the three big summer conventions (Chicago and Atlanta are the others). I'm here to promote our many new Epic comics. Now if I'm off flitting from convention to convention spreading the word how nifty the '87–'88 model Epics are, how can I be sure these great books are really getting done? Glad you asked . . . If you hadn't, I wouldn't have a column.

DEEPER BEHIND THE SCENES

The answer, of course, is that I don't do this alone. I couldn't. Even if I never left the office. Ever. We have a hard–working editorial staff who try to assure that our creators' work gets the best in editing, production, engraving, and printing, and that it's done on schedule as well.

As official Epic figurehead, I come in for most of the attention. This time out, you might like hearing about some of the people doing most of the work.

Margaret Clark. Managing Editor. My second–in–command. In charge in my absence. God only knows what she's doing with all that power at this very moment. Margaret is editor of **Alien Legion**, **Elfquest**, **Video Jack**. the **Moebius** series, and the upcoming **Light and Darkness Wars** and **Stray Toasters**. She has been with Epic since our **Epic Illustrated** days and worked as one of **Jim Shooter's** editorial assistants for almost a year before that. She's become our resident expert on preparing material for the most successful engraving and printing. In fact, some of our engravers call her for advice! Margaret is also our resident mystery woman. Mostly she's a mystery because when I asked everyone to turn in short bios for me to work with on this column, she forgot to do one. So, I can say anything I want about her. She is the love child of **Buckmeister Fuller** and **Joan Collins**, a close personal friend of **Tom Carvel**, and possesses the world's larget collection of penguin beaks. Yes, I can *say* anything. But since Margaret is in charge back at the office, I doubt much of it will get into print.

Dan Chichester. Associate Editor. My third-in-command. In my absence, he whines to Margaret a lot about never getting to be in charge. Dan is editor of **Blood**, **Groo**, **Marshal Law**, the special one-shot **Hellrider**, and next year's **The Last American**. Born "at some point during one of **Rod Serling's** 1964 opening monologues for **The Twilight Zone**," Dan is a recent graduate of "New York University's insanely overrated film school," where he "spent a ridiculous amount of money at 24 frames per second," and, in the name of movie magic, "scaled down cliffsides and brought lounge chairs to life." Out of bucks, Dan sought and found employment at Marvel, which eventually led him to his current position. We like to think of Dan as the **Stanley Kubrick** of Epic Comics. We like to think that. We *fear* he's the **Sean Cunningham**.

Steve Buccellato. Assistant Editor. Steve stands in constant readiness for the day when plague or nuclear attack remove Dan, Margaret, and me from the chain of command. Until then, his job is to aid, abet, traffic, and follow through upon what the two editors have already set into motion in the struggle to keep the books on their scheduled journey from script to pencils to lettering to inks to coloring to production corrections to engraving and printing. As part of our intern program, Steve began working at Marvel while still attending New York's High School of Art and Design. When an opening appeared in the Epic department, we leaped to hire Steve. Despite his seeming youth, Steve is witty, intelligent, draws the best blaster-packing, space–faring rodents this side of the black–and–white comics glut, and has a brain so crammed with useless movie trivia that we had to recognize him as a kindred spirit, terminally unfit for employment anywhere else.

HEY! WE'VE GONE TOO DEEP!

And run out of room without having a chance to tell you about our new editorial assistant, **Mark** ("Just tell them I'm the world's greatest **Montgomery Clift** fan") **Chiarello** or the latest of our interns from Ohio's Antioch College, **Sara Tuchinsky**, who steadfastly remains cheerful and willing despite the fact that we give her so much xeroxing to do she'll probably never be able to have children. Hopefully next time.

—Archie Goodwin

checklist

December

ALIEN LEGION Vol. 2, #3 —
GROO THE WANDERER #38
MARSHAL LAW #2 — by Mil

January

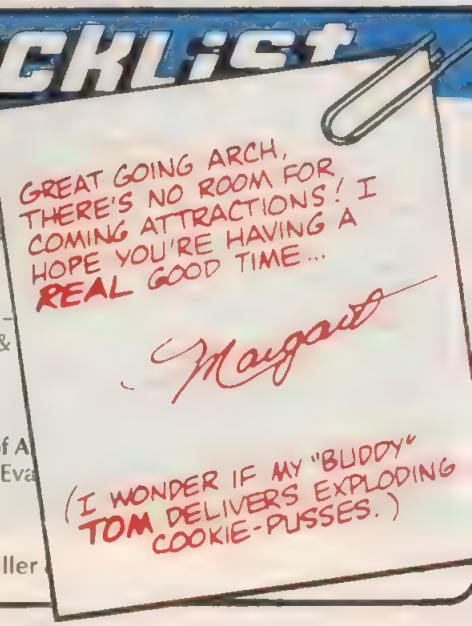
GROO THE WANDERER #39 –
VIDEO JACK #3 — by Bates &

GRAPHIC NOVELS

MOEBIUS 5 — The Gardens of A
THE DEATH OF GROO — by Eva

TRADE PAPERBACKS

ELEKTRA: ASSASSIN — by Miller



"THEY SAY I DON'T PRAY FOR MY ENEMY. I DO. I PRAY THEY GO TO HELL."
MARSHAL LAW
BY PAT MILLS AND KEVIN O'NEILL
BI-MONTHLY FROM EPIC COMICS

A TRIUMPH OF FUTURE TECHNOLOGY.

IRON MAN

CRASH

THE FIRST COMPUTER GENERATED GRAPHIC NOVEL

BY MIKE SAENZ

COMING IN NOVEMBER FROM EPIC COMICS

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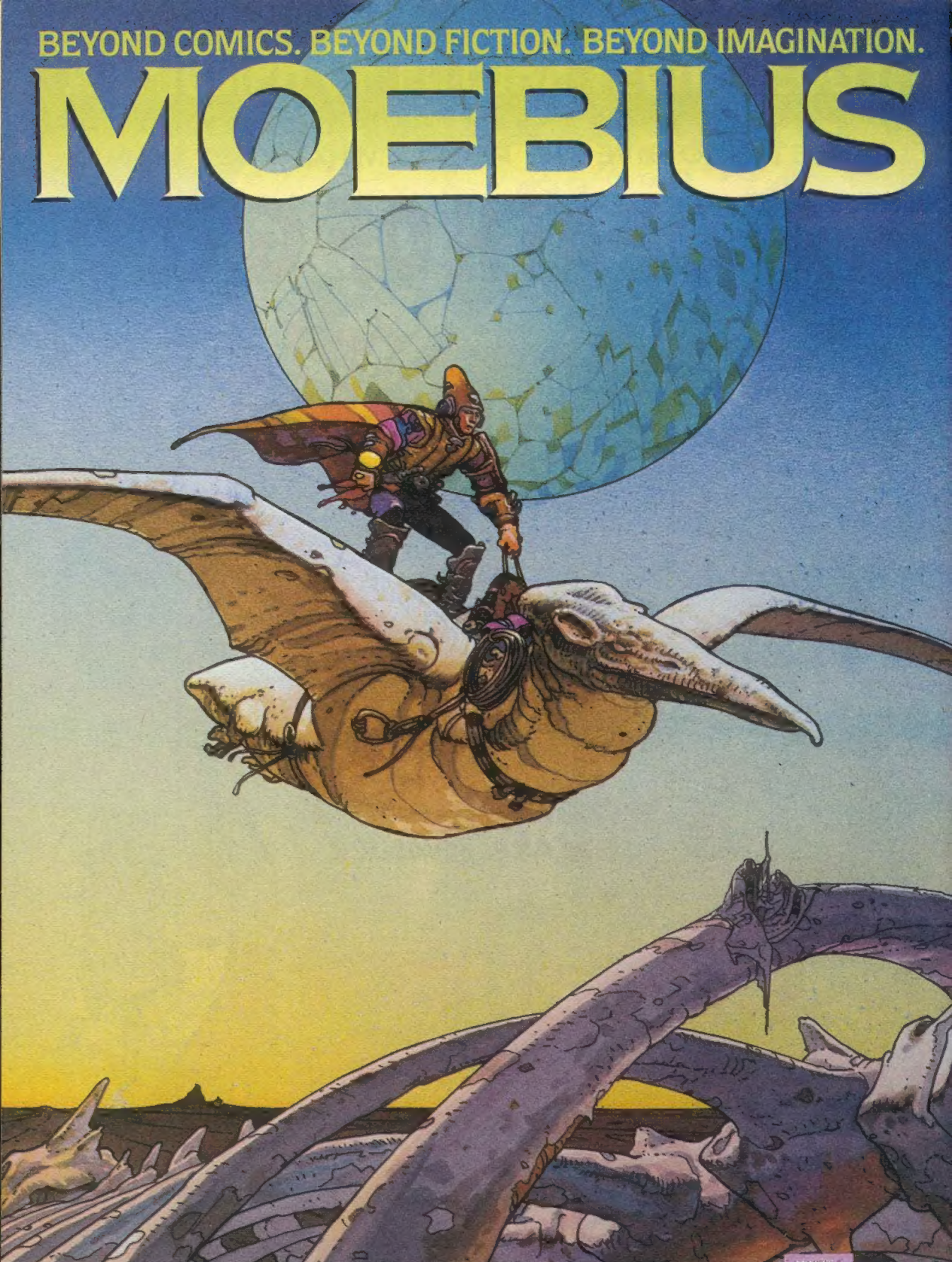

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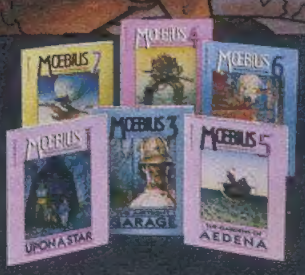

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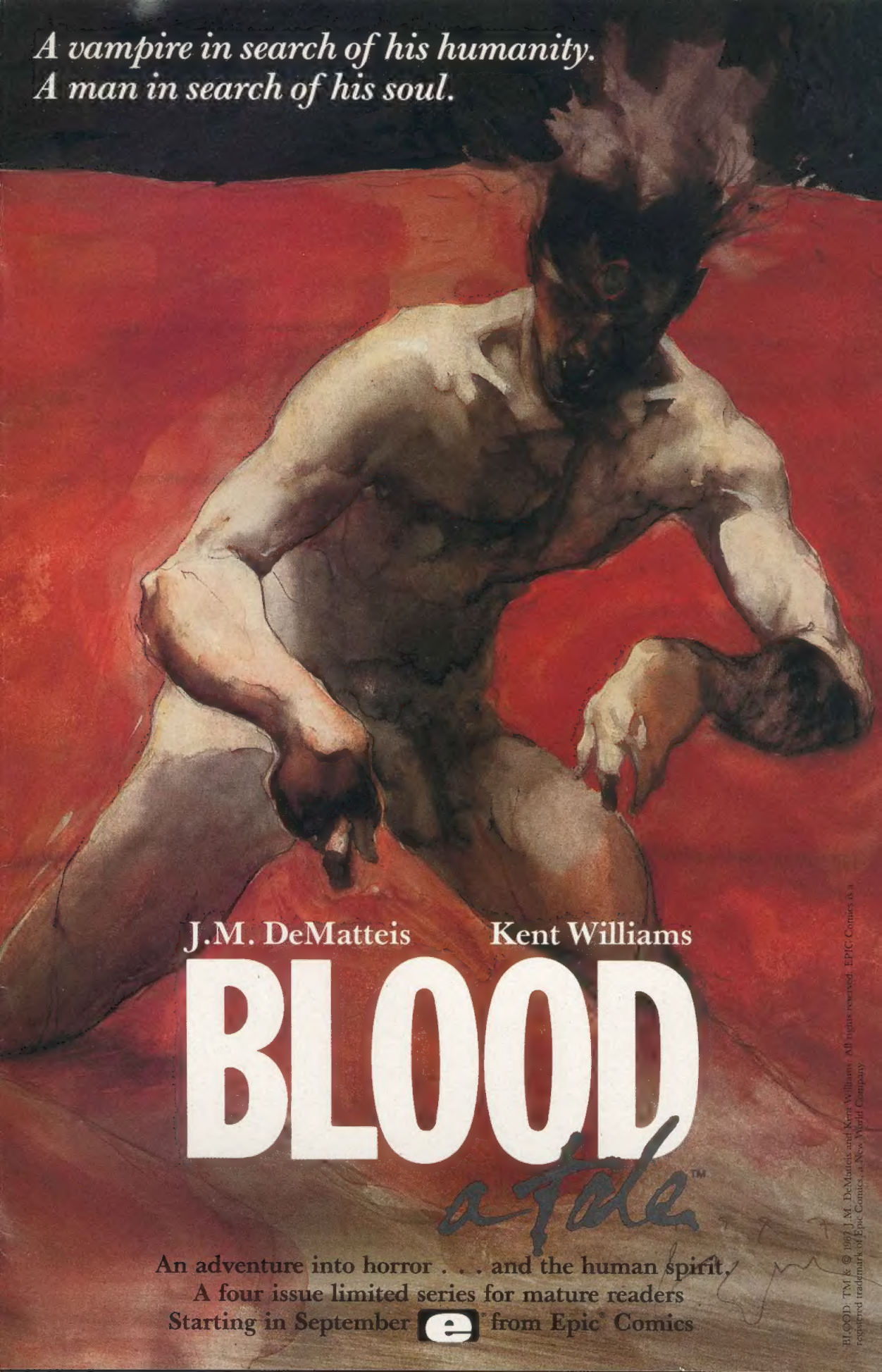
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